With bleared viſages come forth to view
The iſſue of th'exploit: Go *Hercules*,
Live thou, I live with much, much more diſmay,
I view the fight, then thou that mak'ſt the fray.

A Song the whilſt Baſſanio *comments on the Caskets, to himſelfe.*

Tell me where is fancie bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head;
How begot, how nouriſhed? *Replie, replie.*
It is ingendred in the eye,
With gazing fed, and Fancie dies,
In the Cradle where it lies,
Let us all ring Fancies knell,
Ile begin it.
Ding, dong, bell.
All. *Ding dong, bell.*

Baſſ. So may the outward ſhowes be leaſt themſelves,
The world is ſtill deceav'd with ornament:
In Law, what plea ſo tainted and corrupt,
But being ſeaſon'd with a gracious voyce,
Obſcures the ſhow of evill. In religion,
What damned error but ſome ſober brow
Will bleſſe it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the groſneſſe with faire ornament:
There is no voyce ſo ſimple, but aſſumes
Some marke of vertue on his outward parts;
How many cowards whoſe hearts are all as falſe
As ſtayers of ſand, weare yet upon their chins
The beards of *Hercules*, and frowning *Mars*,
Who inward ſearcht, have lyvers white as milke,
And theſe aſſume but valours excrement
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you ſhall ſee tis purchaſt by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lighteſt that weare moſt of it:
So are thoſe criſped ſnaky golden locks
Which makes ſuch wanton gambals with the wind

Upon

Upon ſuppoſed faireneſſe, ofte
To be the dowry of a ſecond
The ſcull that bred them in th
Thus ornament is but the guil
To a moſt dangerous ſea: the
Vailing an Indian beauty; In a
The ſeeming truth which cun
To intrap the wiſeſt. Therefo
Hard food for *Midas*, I will
Nor none of thee thou pale an
Tween man and man: but th
Which rather threatneſt then
Thy paleneſſe moves me mor
And heere chuſe I, joy be the

Por. How all the other pa
As doubtfull thoughts, and ra
And ſhyddring feare, and gree
O love be moderate, allay th
In meaſure reine thy joy, ſcan
I feele too much thy bleſſing,
For feare I ſurfeit.

Baſſ. What find I heere
Faire *Portias* counterfeit. W
Hath come ſo neere creation
Or whether riding on the ba
Seeme they in motion? Her
Parted with ſuger breath, ſo
Should ſunder ſuch ſweet fri
The Painter playes the Spyde
A golden meſh t'intrap the
Faſter then gnats in Cobweb
How could he ſee to do the
Me thinks it ſhould have po
And leave it ſelfe unfurniſht
The ſubſtance of my praiſe
In underpriſing it, ſo farre th
Doth limpe behind the ſubſ
The continent and ſummarie

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